

THE FIELD AFAR

# Marvknoll

JANUARY 1954



This issue: 100,000 KOREAN TOTS HAVE LOST THEIR PARENTS



**ADAM'S ALE.** Under every sky, mankind's best friend against thirst is water. This Chilean farmer takes his nectar ingeniously.



1990-1991



# Whistling in the Dark

A tall dark warrior with spear in hand stood before him.

BY EDWARD H. JAMES, M.M.

■ RECENTLY a safari into the bush section offered something new and exciting. I had just finished hearing confessions in a village when the catechist hurried to me and said that word had come from a dying non-Christian woman who wanted to see a priest at once.

The fading twilight was darker than usual because of a big black cloud that covered the sky, and a light patter of rain was falling. The catechist and I went behind the runner who had brought the message.

The first mile of the journey was easy because the ground was flat. Then we entered a rocky section, full of ditches. Darkness covered the earth, and three times I stumbled over rocks and went sprawling. On passing one swamp, we heard a hiss — the catechist yelled "Snake!" — and the three of us picked up the tempo of our gait. In fact, the runner almost knocked me over as he went by me in the darkness.

Along the route, we passed several villages. As we approached each

village, the catechist sang, talked in a loud voice, and whistled. This was to notify the villagers that we came in peace and had no intention of rustling their cattle. At each village, dogs would scent our approach, dash out, and snap at our heels. At one village, two men with spears stood motionless as they watched us go past. They were ready for quick action if the strangers in the night should make any attempt at robbery.

After about seven miles of this night travel, two hungry-looking dogs loomed up before us, and I began to think that we were really in trouble. Suddenly from out of the inky blackness, a dark figure approached the catechist's flashlight beam and silently indicated that we should follow him. He led us into a nearby hut, and cleared a path to the sick woman's bed by hitting a cow to make it move, and shooing chickens out of the way.

The guide who had led us into the hut stooped over the woman and whispered that the Padri had arrived. The dying woman rolled over on her back and said, "Hello, Father."

While I made an effort to soothe her, I noticed that her whole body was swollen with fever. She told me that she desired to receive baptism,

so I gave her the necessary instructions for the sacrament.

While the catechist and a few other Christians recited the Rosary, I baptized the old woman. I should have liked to remain in the village

overnight, but was unable to do so. I had promised to say Mass the next morning in the village where I had been hearing confessions

when the sick call came. So when the Rosary was completed, the catechist and I made the long trek back.

Sometime during the early hours of the morning, I was awakened by a voice shouting, "Hodie!" ("May I come in?")

"Come in!" I shouted back.

I heard a quick patter of footsteps, and suddenly a tall Ki-kurian warrior stood before me, holding a long, heavy spear in his hand. He was a startling sight to one half drugged with sleep. I recognized him as the son of the woman I had baptized the night before.

"I came to tell you," the warrior said, "that Mother died shortly after you left. Before she died, she whispered that she was going to heaven, and she asked me to study the religion. When can I learn about your God and His blessed Mother?"

After we finished our conversation, he thanked me and departed into the night as silently as he had come.

# TEMBLOR

The day the earth shuddered.

BY FRANK ASSENMACHER, M.M.  
AND FRANCIS A. McKAY, M.M.

■ BEING a Californian, Father Francis McKay has experienced many earthquakes, but he confesses that he never went through one like that which shook the south-central Chilean countryside recently.

This particular earthquake did not start slowly, as many quakes do, but began with a terrific noise and shake. Father McKay was knocked to his knees. He managed to regain his feet and make his way to the door of the dining room. Adobe was falling, and walls were cracking. The church bells were ringing from the motion of the earth, people were screaming, animals were howling, and the roar of the earth was frightening.

Father McKay stood in the doorway, hanging on to the door jamb, because he had always been taught that a doorway was a safe place. The next thing he knew, the cook was seizing him by the arm, and dragging him out into the yard. He learned that doorways are not safe places during an earthquake! All of this excitement took place in one



minute. Then the quake was ended, and all was silent again.

Some miles away, in the city of Chillan, Father Frank J. Assenmacher was in the patio of the church, talking to the "Black Devil." This was the name given one of the boys by his playmates. He was called this because he was always getting into mischief, and his skin is darker than that of the ordinary Chilean.

Suddenly a loud rumble came up from the earth. The "Black Devil" grabbed Father Assenmacher's arm, and began to pray. Seconds later the earth shook so violently that priest and boy reeled about as if intoxicated. Tiles rained from roofs; brick walls and adobe houses crashed to the ground. Just as in Father McKay's town of Portezuelo, so, too, in Chillan, the church bells began ringing by themselves.

As soon as the earth grew silent, Father McKay, in Portezuelo, began to survey the damage, and it was considerable. The priest's house was in a dangerous condition; its walls were badly cracked and

threatening to collapse. The church was equally damaged, and Father McKay ordered it closed so that, in case of collapse, no one would be trapped inside. He concluded that the damage was so great that repairs would be a waste of money. The parish would have to rebuild.

In the town of Portezuelo, damage was very great. It is only a small farming town, but six houses had been completely destroyed, and many times that number seriously damaged. Fortunately, no person was killed or even seriously injured.

Father Assenmacher, in Chillan, ran to the Sisters' convent as soon as the quake had passed. He noticed that the wall around the yard was down. The convent was standing, and through a window he saw the Sisters, safe but scared. He called for them to come outside.

The Sisters finally came out of the house, and went with the priest to look at the school. Many tiles had fallen off the roof, and there were several big cracks in the walls. They were thankful that the children had not been in the school when the tremor occurred.

Inside the church, Father Assenmacher discovered that one of the statues had fallen and was smashed to pieces. The flowers and candlesticks were strewn all about the altar. Even the ciborium in the tabernacle had tipped over. However, the church building itself was in good condition. Later Father learned that a chapel used for Sunday Mass was completely destroyed.

The city of Chillán suffered much damage. Three hundred families were without homes and had to take



"She forgot her name and address."



**Three hundred families were left homeless in Chillan and needed relief.**

shelter in public buildings. Five persons died in the quake. The town water system had broken in many places, and for the next five days the people were without water. Danger of typhoid fever was imminent, and free injections were given to anyone who wished them.

Inspectors from Santiago arrived in Chillan, and the parish school was condemned. One classroom had to be torn down immediately. However, the Director of Schools announced that all schools in Chillan would begin the winter vacation two months early. This gave the priests a chance to look around for some temporary buildings, until

they could gather funds to rebuild.

Father Frederick Walker, pastor of the Chillan parish, organized the women of Catholic Action to help the poor. Parcels were made up and taken to the neediest. When the women were engaged in distribution, they had to be accompanied by a policeman, so that they would not be mobbed by people needing help.

The people of Chillan felt that they had been lucky. In 1939, an earthquake leveled the city and killed ten thousand people. But even so, the recent one-minute trembling of the earth left a trail of damage.





School children on Africa's Gold Coast get their daily vitamin ration.

■ THROUGH weapons created in test tubes, the enemy of disease is being vanquished all over the world. Nations may differ politically, but practically all of them are ready to co-operate in the battle for health. The missioner pioneered in this struggle, and often brought medicine into areas where it was unknown. Now he no longer fights alone. Countries not long ago considered backward are now concerned with the health of their peoples and realize that every man has a right to protection from disease.

# THE BATTLE FOR HEALTH

A WORLD-WIDE ROUNDUP

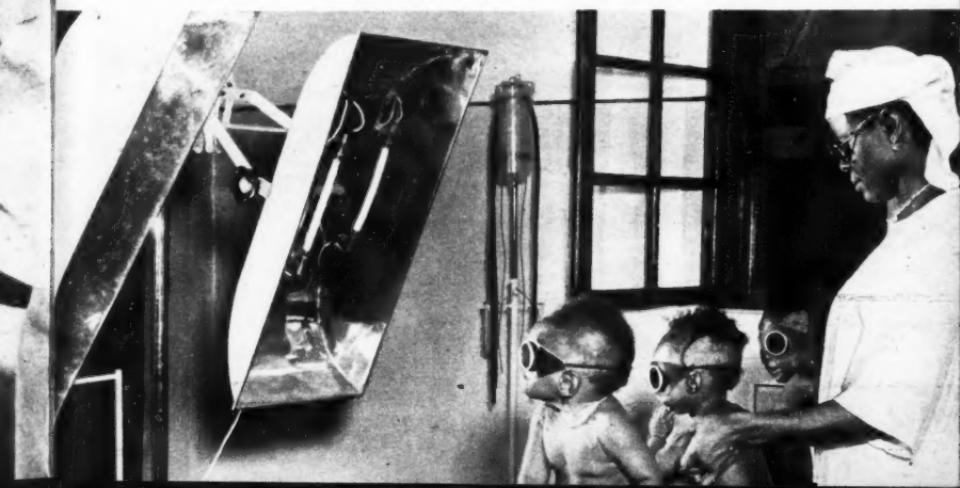
◀ This Philippine laboratory supplies BCG vaccine for much of Asia.



Maryknoll Sister  
and tubercular boy  
in Korean clinic.



Through a fluoroscope (above) this Guatemalan doctor checks a patient. Ultraviolet rays (below) play a part in the Congo's health campaign.





Delousing may not be pretty but it is necessary to control harmful lice. The scene (above) in Greece is one part of the battle.

# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

**Father Considine** has just completed an extensive tour of the mission field. He has turned in some excellent reports on Africa, India, Indonesia, the Philippines and Japan. Maryknoll will be ordaining approximately 170 priests in the next three years. It is important to know where they will be needed.

I have been talking to Father Considine about the people he met and the impressions he received. One thing he told has affected me deeply, a comment made by a native African bishop. The latter and the Maryknoller had been discussing mission problems, particularly the great need for a zealous laity fired to Catholic social action. "It would seem," the bishop said, "that as regards the two Great Commandments of love of God and love of neighbor, we Catholics keep the first Commandment and forget the second."

It was an unconscious exaggeration, but the statement strikes me forcibly when I am told of the Church's huge social problems. Indeed, we Catholics are not holding our own, either at home or in the mission field.

**I was in Kokomo**, Indiana, recently, helping Father Thomas Walsh, our

vicar general, celebrate his twenty-fifth anniversary of priesthood. A group was discussing the vast mission potentiality of the Catholic laity, and one gentleman, a successful farmer and a convert, said: "Well, it strikes me this way. If I know where I can buy excellent coffee at twenty cents a pound, I am going to tell all of my neighbors about it. Here we are with a precious possession that all of us can share without anyone losing by the sharing; in fact, we gain by giving it. Why aren't we more interested?"

**I was astounded** to read, in a recent article by Father John O'Brien, of Notre Dame, that according to a recent test, only twenty-eight out of every one hundred Catholics have ever asked any non-Catholic to visit one of their churches. Whose fault is this? Certainly here is something that requires a very careful examination of conscience on the part of all of us.

We can agree with Father O'Brien when he says, "The greatest cause of loss to the Catholic Church is the failure to harness the loyalty and the devotion and the potential zeal of our lay members."



## THIS MONTH'S COVER

Can you think of a six-year-old in your neighborhood who has had the appalling experience of not being able to remember the last time he had enough to eat? Thousands of Korean children, your neighbors in Christ, don't have a happy ending to a long siege of starvation, as does the lad on the cover this month. There are more details on page 15.



Fathers O'Connor (left) and Malone pose with aborigines. Aboriginal tribes have the same relationship to Formosa as our Indians to America.

# Woo Feng and His Friends

**The aboriginal head-hunters  
desired one last sacrifice.**

**BY WILLIAM F. KUPFER, M.M.**

■ MANY YEARS AGO, during the Ching dynasty, the Chinese emperor sent a very wise magistrate to rule over the aboriginal tribes who inhabited the mountains of Formosa. The name of this man was Woo Feng. If all the stories told here in Formosa about him are true, he was quite a gentleman.

In a short time after Woo Feng arrived on the island, he gained the confidence of the aborigines, and he made considerable improvement in their way of life. In one thing alone, however, he was unsuccessful. He was unable to persuade the tribes to end their head-hunting.

Eventually he allowed them one final killing for their sacrifices, and

after that there would be no more. He also warned them that, after this killing, there would be misery and war in the land. He described this last victim, telling where he would be captured and what clothes he would be wearing.

On the day foretold, the head-hunters found their victim on the path the magistrate had described, and dressed exactly as had been foretold. They killed the captive. Only after they had chopped the victim's head off, did they realize that the murdered man was their beloved magistrate! Misery and war followed; but because of the great sacrifice of the magistrate, the tribes stopped their head-hunting. Years later the aborigines erected a temple in Chiayi in his honor.

Today some descendants of those aboriginal head-hunters live in the territory that is the Maryknoll Mission. They keep to the old ways (minus head-hunting), preserving their own traditions and customs.

The other day I stopped at a garage to have the oil in my jeep changed, and witnessed a way to remove dirt from a man's eye that I have never read in any medical book! A friend opened the eye wide with his fingers and gave a big blow. He looked like a youngster trying to blow out all the birthday candles at once. The operation required two blows, and the victim proclaimed the results successful. His eye was not even bloodshot.

Missioners coming to Formosa by ship disembark at Keelung, the rainiest place in the Far East and fourth-wettest in the world. Keelung has a yearly average of 219 rainy

days, during which nearly 200 inches of rain fall.

We are busy laying the foundations here on Formosa. We are "breaking the ice" through six missions, where goiter medicine is given out. One mission has a list of 12,000 patients. Other missions are giving between one and five thousand weekly treatments.



Aboriginal  
bridal taxi.



—unloving  
and unloved.

# WHERE IS HOME?

More than 50,000 Korean youngsters do not know the answer.

BY ELIZABETH REID

■ THE TRAGEDY of war first struck the Yoon family in July, 1950, when millions of South Koreans were uprooted by the Communist attack. During the first Communist push through Seoul, the father of the family disappeared. His fate is still unknown.

Mrs. Yoon, who was pregnant at the time, kept herself and her two-year-old son, Kihak, alive by selling furniture and personal belongings, and then by begging food. When the situation in Seoul became worse, she left the city with thousands of refugees. After the famous Inchon landing of September, 1950, and the recapture of Seoul, Mrs. Yoon made her way back to the war-torn capital. She hoped her husband might have returned to their neighborhood.

Instead, her weary march led her to jail. This was because her husband had been mistakenly reported to the police as a deserter to the North Korean forces. In the chaos that existed, records could not be checked. Thus, Mrs. Yoon and her child were placed under detention. A month later, police authorities advised her to put Kihak — suffering

from malnutrition — into an orphanage to insure better care for him while her case was pending.

Shortly before Christmas, Mrs. Yoon was released. Once again the fortunes of war were against her. All orphanages in the Seoul area had been evacuated south. Her Kihak was lost in the shuffle. No trace of the child could be found. The young mother took shelter with some relatives; and early in 1951, her second child was born.

When able to travel, Mrs. Yoon took her baby and rejoined the stream of refugees southward. Eventually she reached her parents' home at Chengju. Once more she began her search for Kihak. Parents, other relatives, and in-laws contributed what little money they could spare. Telegrams were sent to all orphanages in South Korea, and newspaper advertisements were run.

After almost two years of fruitless search, the mother through a chance conversation heard of a former Seoul orphanage that had been relocated on the island of Cheju-do, some 400 miles from her home. A few days after hearing the information, Mrs. Yoon made her way to the island.



Monsignor George M. Carroll (above) has charge of Maryknoll work in Korea, and also represents the Bishops' War Relief. Father Joseph Connors (below) carries on widespread relief activities from Pusan.





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More than two years had elapsed since mother and son had been separated in Seoul. All that remained to identify the youngster was a picture taken three years earlier. The boy would now be five years old.

Four days of searching among the many war orphans on Cheju-do produced three youngsters resembling the worn snapshot — but none by the name of Kihak Yoon. One, however, had a small scar on the side of his face. Upon the mother's insistence that this was her child, records were thoroughly checked. It was proven beyond a doubt that an error had been made in name registration. The five-year-old boy was definitely Kihak.

Through malnutrition and exposure during the early days of the war, Kihak had contracted tuberculosis of the spine. At the time of his finding, he was well fed but crippled. However for 50,000 other "lost" children of Korea, there has been no such happy ending.

Seoul City, capital of South Korea, had a population of 2 million on that fateful day in June, 1950, when the Reds came. The last liberation by United Nations troops found only 175,000 people. Hardly a whole building had survived.

Driving in a jeep from the airbase to the correspondents' billet, the newcomer received a terrific impact. Gaunt skeletons of buildings cast long shadows as the sun went down. People huddled in the rubble, preparing some kind of evening meal. There were women in dusty white, flowing garments, carrying bundles on their heads; children everywhere, darting in and out of traffic; ragged



**His sole support.**



Tuberculosis — war's aftermath.

wails, clutching shoeshine outfits, or banded together in disorderly hordes, fighting and scratching.

The following day I visited the orphanage of the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres. Half of the original building was in ruins, but homeless children were more than doubled. The orphanage was staffed entirely by Korean Sisters, and the children were the happiest of all the little lost ones I saw scattered over Korea.

Almost all these orphans came from North Korea. They had been picked up by UN soldiers in the front lines, or found wandering in the streets of Seoul. Average age of the children was about six to eight years. The reason for this is that, during that dreadful winter of 1950, when swarms of refugees clogged the inadequate roads, children too big to be carried and too small to keep up with the fleeing people, were left straggling behind. As the Sister gave me this information, the small girl

clinging to my hand broke out into uncontrollable sobbing.

Sister took the little one and held her close. The child had remembered, said the Sister, how she had been separated from her own family, but she never recalled the name of her village. Other children, who had memorized their complete addresses, could not be returned to their families because whole villages had sometimes disappeared in the destruction of war. Moreover, parents and relatives had died during the terrible days.

It is good to read the story of Kihak Yoon. But what of the dirty and diseased beggar boys, growing up unloving and unloved, snatching a little sleep on the pavement, begging food, scavenging for an existence? What of the two little girls I saw living in a wrecked railway carriage, trying to make a home with a few rags and rusty tin dishes? They weren't playing house!

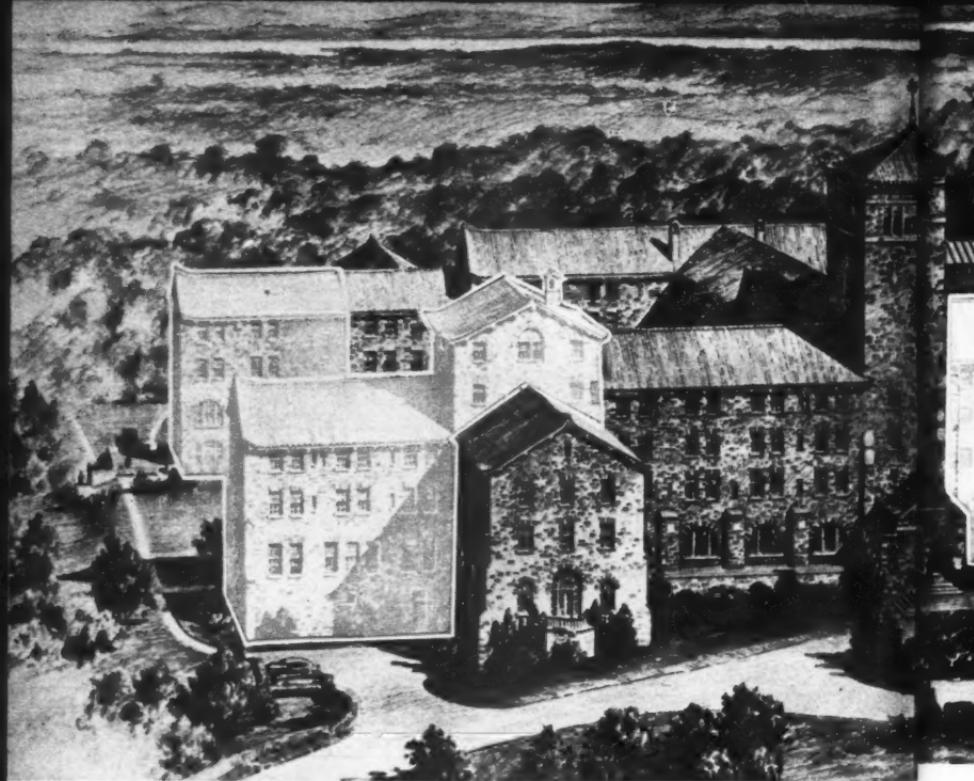
What of the small bundle of misery I saw crouched on the floor of an old temple turned into an orphanage — a waif with staring eyes and rigid limbs — shocked into immobility by the horrors of war?

The story of the Korean War is no mere alphabetical jumble of words in newspaper headlines for them. For these people, the struggle of the United Nations Forces with the Communists in Korea has been a story written in perhaps unsurpassed suffering, in the fears and tears of millions.

For us Catholics, the story of Korea cannot be pedestrian. If other people's suffering does not touch us, then we are not Christians.



No husband, no  
home, no hope.



## The Maryknoll Seminary

**trains young Americans to work as missionaries in**

**CHINA**

**FORMOSA**

**HONG KONG**

**JAPAN**

**KOREA**

**AFRICA**

**HAWAIIAN ISLANDS**

**BOLIVIA**

**CHILE**

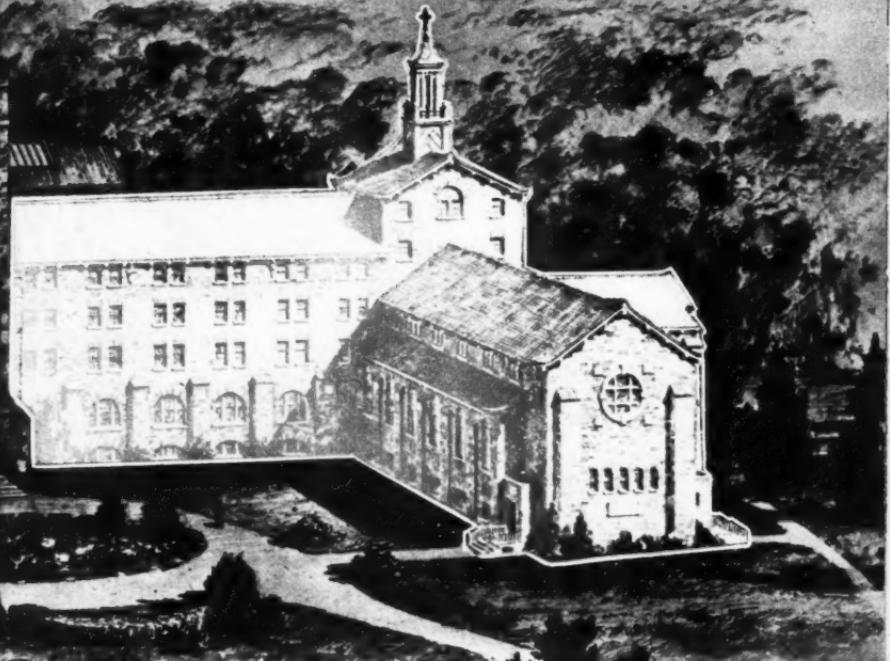
**PERU**

**GUATEMALA**

**MEXICO**

**PHILIPPINES**

■ MORE THAN 800 students are crowded in our seminaries. In 1919, construction of the Maryknoll Seminary began. We have added sections six times, as we needed space and were able to beg funds. The Seminary is still incomplete after 35 years of begging and building. The architect's drawing, above, shows what the building will look like when completed. The light sections, which include chapel, student rooms, and so forth, are yet to be built — with God's help and yours.



## **Gift and Memorial Opportunities**

### **Chapel and Crypt**

<b>Windows (large)</b>	.....	\$5,000 each
<b>Windows (small, 6 ft. high)</b>	.....	600 each
<b>Electric fixtures and installation (6)</b>	.....	750 each
<b>Vestment cases (18 required)</b>	.....	500 each
<b>Credence tables (43 required)</b>	.....	150 each

### **Residential Wing**

<b>Priest's room</b>	.....	\$2,500 each
<b>Student's room</b>	.....	1,500 each
<b>Doors (interior, 150 required)</b>	.....	40 each
<b>Building stones (100,000 required)</b>	.....	2 each
<b>Roofing tiles (41,000 required)</b>	.....	1 each

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**Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.**

I enclose \$..... for.....

MY NAME.....

MY STREET.....

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The author (left) with the corn-harvest crew of a Peruvian hacienda.

## Can Women Remake Latin America?

**Two North American girls  
tour many thousands of miles  
to discover what develops  
south of the Rio Grande.**

**BY JOSEPHINE DRABEK**

■ ON A bright day, Priscilla Rivera and I, two staff members of the Grailville School of Apostolate, Loveland, Ohio, boarded a cargo boat for South America. We were bound for a fabulous continent where the colorful surface of life glistens over a hundred different tensions. First goal was the Latin-American Congress on Rural Life in Manizales, Colombia, high in the Andes. From there we planned to travel southward into Peru and Chile.

◀ The two lay missionaries brought back mementos of their trip, but most important was the knowledge of big opportunities awaiting to the south.

There were many questions crowding our minds. What part does woman play in Latin America today? What are her hopes for the future as this great continent enters the turbulent stream of technological advance? Is she restless, or content with her lot? What does she think of her contemporaries to the north? And finally, what will the Latin-American woman of tomorrow be like?

These were the questions which we felt must be answered before we could consider a larger question that had occupied our hopes and plans for months. Was the time ripe for lay mission work among the young women of Latin America, and, if so, along what lines could this work develop?

During our time of training at Grailville — American headquarters for an international movement in the lay apostolate among young women — Priscilla and I had become convinced that Latin America is destined to play a leading role in the world of tomorrow. We had become increasingly aware that much depends on whether that leadership is rooted in deeply Catholic spirit or in the materialistic philosophy pouring into those nations.

A native of Chicago, I am a graduate of Rosary College and the Long Island Institute of Agriculture; and I have had several lively years as student-manager of Grailville's 400-acre farm. Priscilla comes from Spanish stock in New Mexico, and speaks Spanish fluently. She also has an extensive background in rural agriculture and sociology.

Right at the beginning of our

travels, we met, at the Congress in Colombia, Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Maryknoll's Superior General. He helped us plan our itinerary. Without his fatherly guidance and advice, we could never have penetrated behind the colorful tourist front, to the "real" Latin America.

We had abundant opportunities during the next months to meet and talk with the women of different countries: with Beatriz and Clementina, over tall glasses of *jugo de piña* in the swank country club of a Colombian city; with Naomi, a young Indian girl on Peru's altiplane, eating *quinua* and *chuño* that her mother cooked over an open, chimneyless fireplace; with Matilde and Judith, university graduates and young reporters blazing a trail on one of Lima's progressive dailies; with the Chilean girl, Silvia, who danced for us to the rhythmic cadences of the *cueca*.

We sensed the undercurrents at work everywhere. On our trip to Machu Picchu, the mysterious, hidden Inca city, Priscilla and I entered into conversation with Oreste, our Indian guide.

"Are the Indian people happy?" I asked.

"Yes."

"But don't they want to own their own land?"

"We can't," he said in a tone of despair.

We were told many times that the Communists are approaching the Indians on an economic level, and winning many followers.

"Twenty-five cents a day is considered a good wage for the factory worker in this area," a zealous

Maryknoller told us, in one of Santiago's slum districts where he was working.

There is no "Latin-American woman" as such, of course. There are Chileans, Colombians, Peruvians. There are Indian peasants, Spanish aristocrats. But even though social class and nationality determine how a woman lives, we felt that there are some essential characteristics common to all — characteristics which can be built on and enriched, and which point to woman's role in the reconstruction of a Christian social order.

1. *The woman of Latin America possesses a deep faith.* Over and over again, Church and lay leaders point out that it was the Latin-American woman who was primarily responsible for the preservation of the Faith through a century of turbulence, scarcity of priests, unbelievable

hardships, when the men for the most part gave up all but a semblance of Catholicism. She was the one who, through her love and fidelity to the Church, had always safeguarded that culture and tradition, so profoundly rooted in Catholicism.

For me, Mrs. Rodriguez whom we met in Yucatan is typical. God and Our Lady are living persons for her, persons who walk with her in her everyday occupations. Her very expressions of everyday living show her Christian outlook. From morning until night it is "God sees," "God wills it," "God will take care of it."

But we found that this admirable Catholic sense needs in many cases to be supplemented with a clear intellectual grasp of the Mass, the sacraments, and all the doctrine of the Church. In an old church in Puno, Peru, we heard the story of a devout Quechua woman, who for

Priscilla (left) and Josephine examine a cotton plantation near Lima.



twenty years had prayed daily before the statues of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Our Lady of Candelaria, and Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Then one day in conversation, she innocently inquired of the pastor if all the *señoras* in the church were by any chance related. Were they sisters, perhaps?

2. *The woman of Latin America possesses a natural endowment of many womanly qualities.* We saw her spontaneous natural warmth and gracious hospitality in action. In a Yucatan village, we were invited to dine in a little thatched hut that possessed a single iron cooking pot. We wondered what could possibly come out of it. But then the women of the village arrived, each carrying her speciality. There were many dishes—*arroz con pollo, frijoles, naranzas, tortillas*—a magnificent banquet indeed!

But, as many spiritual leaders in Latin America believe, to fulfill her primary task of building a more stable family life, the woman of Latin America will need a readiness

and determination to stand fast on principle despite all opposition.

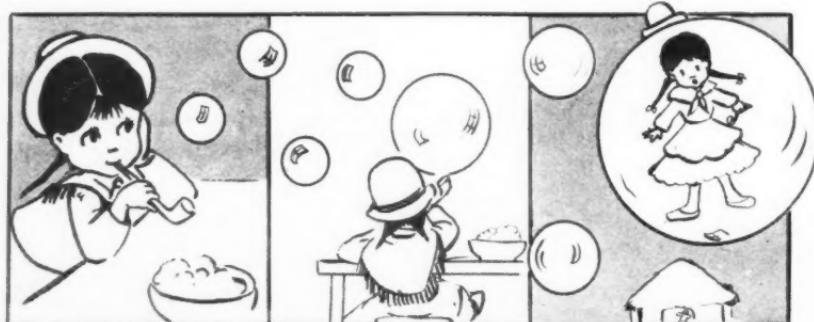
3. *The woman of Latin America is coming to the fore, especially in the larger cities.* "Thirty years ago a woman had to be accompanied by her family to the theater," explained Mrs. Bauer, during an afternoon tea in one of Santiago's rich suburbs. "Now there is great change. Women for the first time have voted for the president. We have one woman in the Senate. My own daughter, who ordinarily would spend her time in pleasant idleness while awaiting marriage, has gone out and taken a job, as have many of her friends."

But to both of us, the awakening of the Latin-American woman is best typified by a little Indian girl of Peru, just emerging from a primitive pattern of life that has changed little in four centuries. Her greatest desire is to come to the United States for an education.

The aspirations of the woman of Latin America must be channeled, guided, and directed, in these first years, as she molds for herself a new

## INDY ANN BLOWS A BUBBLE

BY PAULI



place in the scheme of things. This is why Priscilla and I felt that the time is indeed ripe for a further development of the lay apostolate among the young women of Latin America.

The young women of Latin America are capable of taking a responsible role if they have the encouragement and practical assistance that they need. The actual forms that this assistance will take will be many and varied: home-economics schools, to train leaders to go out into the rural areas to teach cooking, sewing and food preservation; medical clinics and health centers; agricultural schools geared to the family set-up, where men and women can learn the latest methods of soil conservation, crop rotation, animal husbandry and gardening.

Capable women are needed who can work for the betterment of home and family. Lay apostles with a full understanding of the liturgical life of the Church are needed to assist in parishes as choir directors, organists, and catechists. Recreational leaders are needed who can awaken the people to a fuller appreciation of their rich cultural heritage, encouraging the preservation of the beautiful native songs and dances.

Will the young women of the southern continent respond to the needs of a progressive, Christian Latin America? Or will they be fooled by the empty promises of materialism and communism? Perhaps the young women of North America can help in answering those questions. It is Grailville's hope to prepare teams for lay missionary work in South America.

JANUARY, 1954

OF  
SPECIAL  
NOTE



TO BE HUNGRY, cold or sick hurts just as much in Asia or Africa as in Europe or America. When a person is hungry or cold or sick, he needs help right away. We haven't time to send out an S O S for help: we must give immediately what we have. The halt, the blind, the sick, the homeless, the hungry, the naked, in the mission field are being cared for by Maryknoll's Charity Fund. Your donation to the Charity Fund will give you a share in the works of mercy; it will make you a partner of our missionaries.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS  
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

# Reaching the People

In discovery of weaknesses,  
man finds his best measure.

BY JAMES F. HYATT, M.M.



■ WE HAVE been using the mail quite extensively here in Kyoto, Japan, in our efforts to reach the people. At the beginning of each catechism course, we had been mailing printed postcards to those Japanese who had come to the church and then quit coming since the beginning of the last course. We discovered that about ten per cent of those who received the cards returned to join the new class. We were gratified to learn that practically all of this ten per cent continued on to baptism.

However, recently the suggestion was made that greater results might be obtained if a hand-written letter were sent, instead of a printed card. Also, we felt that it would be wise to distinguish between those who had discontinued coming after only one or two classes, and those who had persevered for a long time before dropping out. Accordingly, we commissioned the members of the Legion of Mary to do the writing, and they sent out two different sets of letters.

Nineteen letters were sent to the people who heard only one or two talks. These were not direct invitations to return, but rather letters of inquiry as to why the receivers had not come back for additional lectures. We explained that we should like to improve our method of teaching; and if they would tell us what they found lacking in our talks, we would make an effort to correct the fault. Three reasons were suggested as the cause of dropping out: (1) the Japanese of the foreign teacher was too difficult to understand; (2) the talks were not sufficiently interest-

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ing; (3) the subjects of the talk were too difficult.

Eleven answers returned through the mail, from these nineteen letters. Nine of those eleven gave no information that might help to improve the teaching. Instead, the nine apologized for not coming more often. They explained that they had been unable to continue because of working hours, duties at home, distance to travel, sickness, and so on. Seven said they would return for instructions as soon as possible, while the other two said they intended to study nearer their homes.

Though those nine gave no criticism of the talks, the other two answers were very frank, saying perhaps what the nine thought but were too polite to state. The two final writers put special stress on the fact that the talks they heard gave the impression that the Catholic religion is very formalistic. They both said that they preferred to study Christianity at a Protestant mission.

As a result of these letters, we came to the conclusion that, in teaching newcomers, we were putting too much initial stress on the obligation of performing such practices as morning and night prayers, and of attending Sunday Mass. Henceforth we will try to do a better job of communicating the "spirit" of Catholicism to newcomers, bringing in the "letter" only in gradual doses as catechumens advance.

In relating our conclusions to an

older missioner, we were told that our finding was a very elementary principle of missiology. Somehow or other, we had failed to pick it up until now.

The second group of letters went out to twenty-five Japanese people who had come to class several times — some of them for many months — before quitting. We asked them to drop in

at the church on Sunday afternoon for private conversation. Of twenty-five invitations, thirteen were accepted.

We had thought that, by dropping out, those people had given up any desire of entering the Church. However, all thirteen talked seriously about their intention of becoming Catholic. They explained that, for various reasons not connected with the Church, they had been unable to continue coming to classes.

We have made arrangements for them to enter other classes, or to be taught privately by a catechist at times convenient to them. Since these thirteen took the trouble to come to the mission to open their minds, we have reason to trust their sincerity.

By all standards, the letter-writing campaign proved a great success. It also convinced us that many people are lost to the Church because there is no follow-up. If we had not got in touch with these people, they would have drifted along on good intentions without ever reaching a firm decision.

**Every Friday of 1954**  
each Maryknoll priest will offer his  
Mass for you, our benefactors; each  
Maryknoll Brother and seminarian  
will offer his Holy Communion and  
Rosary for you. And every day, all  
of us will pray for you.



Father Curran's congregation of fifteen has grown to several hundred.

# ACROSS THE JORDAN RIVER

**His formula is to give help  
so they can help themselves.**

**BY JOHN F. CURRAN, M.M.**

■ NGAU T'AU KOK is a designated refugee area nestled in a valley across the Jordan River on the mainland opposite Hong Kong. When I arrived here, a refugee myself from China, in the middle of 1952, there were over a thousand people crowded into some 250 huts. Since that

time, the population has remained constant, although actually there has been a considerable turnover, and very few original settlers are left.

The refugees of Ngau T'au Kok constitute a cross section of life that runs from ex-magistrates and judges to soldiers and tradesmen of every kind. They are poor; they are not getting enough to eat; but remembering the conditions in the places from which they fled, they have a real love for valley and hillside across the Jordan River.

The homes are shacks. There are no luxuries and few comforts. Yet

the people are jovial and have learned to shrug off troubles. All they ask for is enough to eat, and a bit of education for their children.

One of the greatest hardships many men must endure is the absence of their wives and children, whom they left in China, but of their past they talk little. Who they really are, where they come from, what business they had, all of these facts are hidden. Mostly the men are young, and they look to the future.

I faced one great difficulty in my new parish, and that was the language. Many dialects were spoken among the refugees. However, when I was joined by Fathers John Tse and Simon Paak, young Chinese priests just ordained, we began to manage the complication of tongues.

The first thing we learned was that house visitation during the day was useless, because everyone was away at work or looking for work. We began visiting in the evening, and found but fifteen Catholics in the whole thousand. Of these fifteen, many never went to church, not because their faith was weak, but because their pride was stronger — they had no decent clothes.

Our first chapel was a shack. It belonged to a Catholic family that included ten of our fifteen Catholics. We opened our first catechumenate after a few months, and fifteen Chinese presented themselves.

Refugees continued to come and go, with no increase in the population. Then we began to look about for ways to persuade them to remain. We learned that a worker could earn a day's rice making rattan chairs. We engaged a teacher, and soon a

group of refugees was making chairs and another group was selling them. Quite a few families branched off in separate groups and still continue to make chairs. Later we tried basket weaving. More recently one refugee was set up in a metal-working shop where he has already employed five others; he now has a contract to make pewter dishes for a large restaurant. Some others have been set up in similar small businesses.

We began a project to show the people how to build a simple house that would be both cheap and durable. We built a house twelve by seventeen feet, at a cost of \$125. The house, plastered inside and out, is of stone quarried nearby; the wood for doors and windows is native camphor; the roof is asbestos sheeting; the floor is cement.

Then through help obtained from Maryknoll headquarters, we began to build a school that would hold almost five hundred children. Most of the laborers were from among our people here. The school was named in honor of Pope Pius XII, Father of Refugees and Pope of the Missions. It was blessed early in 1953.

Because hospitals and dispensaries are far away, we opened a free clinic. The Chinese Catholic Club of Hong Kong sends doctors and nurses. Medicines are supplied by friends in the United States, Hong Kong, and by the Catholic Welfare Committee.

Thus 1954 finds us established in our parish across the Jordan River. Our little congregation has grown, and we have several hundred under instruction. We are still doing what we can to help the refugees, while aiding them to help themselves.



# HOME, SWEET HOME

It's not the most comfortable in the world, but it does keep out the wind and rain and give a modicum of privacy. Thousands of refugees are not as fortunate as even this woman. Can we who are well sheltered and well fed ever understand the poverty of refugees?



# No Words Necessary

BY WILLIAM J. MORRISSEY, M.M.

■ FOR OVER 300 years, the people of the 7,000 islands that make up the Philippines have been Catholic. In a recent census among the 20 million inhabitants, 18 million declared themselves Catholic. Yet even without words, one knows that this is a Catholic country.

A roaring comes to the ear of the priest, as he waits by the side of the road. He takes the noise to be his overdue bus. However, a glance shows an army truck speeding down the road. Twenty youths in olive green flash by. Twenty hands wave a greeting to the priest. Twenty caps are lifted in salute.

That same truck rumbles through town and passes the priestless church. Once again twenty young men raise their hats. Then they make the sign of the cross. There is no embarrassment in this public act of faith. It is purely natural — a habit of long, long duration.

Change the army uniform to rags — the rags of the workers returning to their homes in the orange-yellow glow of the sunset. They pass a little chapel of their *barrio*. Off come the wide-brimmed straw hats. Once again the cross is sketched from forehead to breast.

All over the Philippines, every night at eight, the church bells ring out. Perhaps not at eight on the dot, for watches and clocks vary

from town to town. But there are hearts and hands at the bell ropes that more than make up for the lack of punctuality. The bells peal for a few seconds. Why? To remind all to pause and remember in prayer the souls of the departed.

Again the bells resound at noon, and at six in the evening. Numerous are the pedestrians who pause to say the Angelus.

Even when the bells are silent, the air still rings with faith. Walking home in the darkness, one hears the sound from radios turned up in homes. From a big Manila station, come the voices of a group reciting the Rosary; and from each house passed, there are answering voices.

When the fields of rice are harvested, the straw is built up into a temporary silo; on top of each such silo is a cross. Every passing car has a holy picture pasted above the windshield. Medals, the larger the better, are the favorite decoration for every dress. A cross on a chain is regulation wear for many, many men. Small children to tottering great-grandfathers can be seen walking to church garbed in brown habit with white cincture, as partial fulfillment of vows to Saint Francis.

No questions are necessary. No words need be spoken. Just look around and you will know you are in a Catholic country.



"Have you heard?  
A Maryknoll Padre  
has come to town!"

EDITORIAL:



# Into the Deep



BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH

■ EACH NEW YEAR brings an automatic little pause in a man's pilgrimage from here to the hereafter. It is a pleasant and welcome pause to most men, as life speeds by. We find it so in our own case, anyhow. On such occasions we stop for a space to catch our breath, to look around, to weigh and consider what we have seen, to speculate a little on what we have yet to see. In this we are much like the rest of the world.

Although we do not always view the scene before, around, and behind us, in precisely the same light or with the same eyes, we dwell upon the same fond memories and rosy hopes, the same passing fears and little regrets, that fill up the outlines of every other human life.

We see in a glass darkly, like everybody else. But we assess our little picture gallery somewhat differently, perhaps.

Our regrets have a way of turning into lessons learned, so that we are often obliged to call them blessings in the end, and be grateful for them. Our fears — temporary embarrassments and passing perplexities would describe them better — are almost always a means to make us more dependent on Divine Providence. The present always looks good to us; it can hardly appear otherwise from our perspective. It is in our hopes of the future that we go wrong sometimes, get ahead of ourselves, reach for the moon when we are hardly ready for anything more formidable than next month's bill collectors. Maybe this is a tendency of our calling; a defect of our virtue, supposed or real, as it were.



*"I owe it all to writing for a free Maryknoll Annuity booklet."*

LAUNCHING into the deep is a missionary principle, practice, and honored observance, so we at least have good precedent for our little ventures of the sort. So much for our hopes — better left in the hands of God in any case, for it is there they surely belong. In our memories, however, we never go wrong; or at

least we think we don't. They are lasting possessions, crystallized and definite though never entirely assessed or explored, and they thus make up a treasure trove in which we can rummage in all security. So we count them over on occasion; always with pleasure and interest, sometimes with genuine profit, and never — no, never — with sorrow, even though some of them cost their own sharp pangs in the making.

FORTY-ODD years ago, the two Co-founders of Maryknoll were doing some looking around, some little looking back, and certainly some serious looking forward. What did the launchers of Maryknoll see at that time, as they looked around them? Potentiality and promise; little else, one supposes. They had no need to see much more, because they looked mostly to God and His providence. Looking back, they saw the elements of growth and strength with which God had blessed a good-hearted nation in general, and its energetic Catholic body in particular. Looking forward, they could see a way to expand some of this same strength without thereby diminishing it; a way to increase it even by giving it more play.

Good will in the background, promise on the horizon, hope in the air, and faith in God: such were the assets of those days. There was nothing to speak of in the hand. Those assets seemed quite imponderable to some — as they are by their very nature in a certain sense; but they did not seem at all that way to the

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

two men who founded Maryknoll. Just what was needed, they thought. Bountiful plentiful underwrote everything, they maintained. And in this event, they were not much mistaken, if any at all.

ALL their calculations proved to be reasonably just, it seems, as time went on. The potentiality they had seen building up from the past was very real. The current encouragement developed quickly and adequately enough. And the future years were to unfold, steadily and surely, the hoped-for expansion, tenacity, and solid growth.





Distributing clothing to poor children,  
Father Bradley stops at a typical home.

## Santiago— *Otherside*

■ SANTIAGO is the capital of a beautiful and vital nation. In it is represented all the wealth of Chile. But like every big city, Santiago has also its poor. In one of the most squalid sections of the capital Maryknollers can be found at work in the Buzeta parish which is in their care. Poverty is in Buzeta, but so is the ministration of Christ.





This woman lives in a crude shack fashioned from bits of tin and wood. The Padre has a sympathetic ear for her list of troubles.



Bare floors, little furniture, and newspapers covering the walls,  
this is the home of the Valdivia family.

# UP in a Tree

BY ROBERT E. LEE, M.M.

■ DID YOU ever hear of a procession actually crossing through the branches of an orange tree? Well, that's what happened here in Yucatan at the enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the house of Elvira Canto.

It is customary during this beautiful ceremony to carry the statue in procession while the litany is sung. That day the procession was not as orthodox as usual. Without having investigated the lay of the land, the Padre directed the group to proceed around the house, and return through a patio. Those directions began the adventure.

The faithful who were leading soon discovered that the prescribed line of march led between the thatched kitchen and an enormous hole. The latter was being dug for a water deposit. In the space between the kitchen and the hole, stood an orange tree. Undaunted, and as docile as lambs, the people in the procession went up and over the low boughs of the orange tree! The Padre wondered what was slowing the procession — until he reached the tree. And then there was no backing out. He had to take his turn.

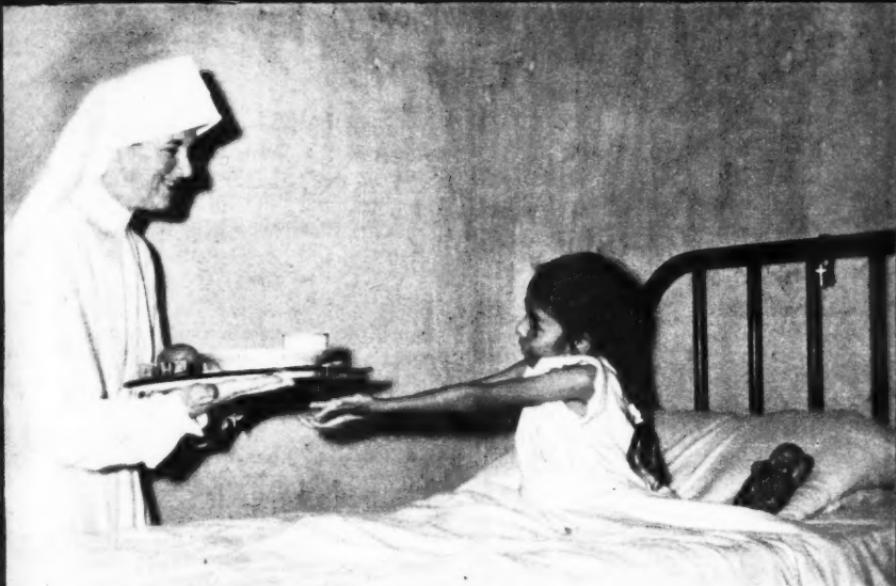
With this event in mind, the Padre took infinite pains beforehand to remove all obstacles, when later he planned a path for the Forty Hours procession in his village of Dzi. The route was marked out and swept clean. The procession began, and everything was going along well, as the Padre bearing the Blessed Sacrament, accompanied by his brown Mayan men, rounded the last turn.

But there, lo and behold, was the mission jeep, making a roadblock! The Padre at the end of the line was having visions of more acrobatics. But the procession didn't slow up. Whereas an orange tree cannot be rolled away, a jeep can.

On the same day, the Padre had an experience with Dona Pastora, which he will not soon forget. The good woman had lost two children in succession, both by stillbirth. She was anxious and worried when she discovered that a third child was on its way. This preoccupation propelled her toward the church, in order to beg the Padre to give her the water with which he washes his hands at the Offertory. Someone had told her that drinking this water would be the certain safeguard.

The Padre didn't see eye to eye with Pastora. Moreover, he had something newfangled to try, as far as village folklore was concerned. Was Pastora willing to try this new method? She was willing to try anything that would bring her child safely into the world! So down she knelt, and out came the ritual while the Padre read the blessing for expectant mothers.

The blessing sure worked! Dona Pastora gave birth to healthy TWINS.



"The meal! It's here!" cries little Melchora with welcoming arms to Sister.

# HERE COMES THE FOOD!

BY SISTER ROSE MERCEDES

■ MELCHORA is ten, but don't let that fool you! Her little body tips the scales at thirty pounds, and a dress for a six-year-old hangs about her in festoons. Her hemoglobin count is only thirty.

What is wrong with her? Lack of enough to eat, and too much of the same of what she does eat. Melchora was brought to our hospital, here in Bolivia's gaunt jungle land, from a clearing twenty-five miles away. In the river hamlets, people eat yucca and platanos, both very starchy; but a poor rubber-worker's child doesn't get very much of either. One

look at Melchora, and experienced eyes could see malnutrition.

"She was always puny," the mother explained, after she brought the child to us by dugout canoe. "But now she is getting fat."

Fat? The poor woman did not understand that Melchora's body was bloated in advanced anemia. The mother left the child with us because she had to return to the rest of her family, up the river.

Melchora is now on the road back to health. The bloating has gone. Her arms and legs, skinny though they are, are real flesh. And she is



This is Melchora with Carlito. His fatness is actually caused by bloating from advanced anemia.



Most of these jungle people have low hemoglobin counts, and blood streams rich in jungle parasites.

making up for missed meals! Breakfast, dinner, supper — these are the days' big events. Her eyes light up when she hears the tinkle of dishes in the corridor. Her thin arms stretch out in welcome, as I come in with the tray.

"The meal! It's here!" she shouts.

We love the noise. Not so long ago, she did not have the energy to shout.

Carlito, three and a half, is here, too. He came to us yesterday. Our diagnosis was hookworms and advanced anemia. He hasn't the strength to brush a fly away. He just sits motionless, wherever he is put.

Carlito is too far gone to shout for food. But it is the one thing he is interested in. As a spoonful of broth goes into his puffy little face, he swallows it fast and opens up for another.

How good it will be to hear Carlito cry, "The meal! It's here."

It's surprising to most people in the United States to find out that people die from hunger in the lush jungle. Yet most men and women here in Riberalta are walking around with hemoglobin counts of forty and fifty. In the United States the average is from seventy-five to eighty. In addition to suffering from a poor diet — all carbohydrates — the people are plagued with many kinds of parasites that get into the blood stream. It will take years of patient work to teach them how to be healthy and stay that way.

Through the hospital and schools we Maryknoll Sisters staff, we hope to give these people a better hold on the good things of this life, as well as on those of the next.

MARYKNOLL

# S O S

## SOULS

who have already received the light of faith number

3,000,000 in China      141,000 in Japan

14,000,000 in Africa      131,000 in Korea

14,000,000 in the Philippines

## OTHERS NUMBERING

1,100,000,000 still remain untouched by Christianity.

Our combined efforts are needed to win them to Christ. Opportunities are everywhere. Shall we grasp them? Or shall we let communism crowd out Christianity?

## SISTER MISSIONERS

invite you to share their privilege of seeking souls for Christ through prayer and sacrifice, remembering Our Lord's promise that not even a cup of cold water given in MY NAME will go unrewarded.



---

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Enclosed is my offering of \$.....

I wish to share in the privilege of seeking souls for Christ through prayer and sacrifice. \* \* \* \* \*

I promise to send \$.....monthly for your work. Please send me a reminder.

My name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

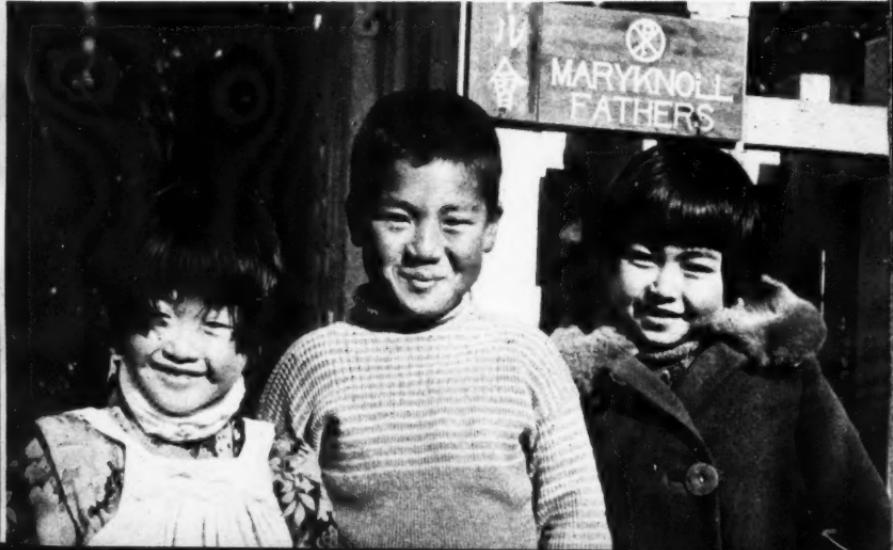


# SABURO AND HIS PALS

■ JAPANESE youngsters are among the politest and best-mannered in the world. It takes no effort on their part to captivate the heart of every visitor to their country. Missionaries and GI's are continually bearing witness to their popularity. Like all youngsters, everywhere, they like to play, and in these and following pages, you will find them engaged in pleasant pastimes. To their games, they bring a gaiety that is not exceeded anywhere.



Sunday afternoon (opposite) finds Papa giving his small fry their first lesson in driving. Some visitors (below) call at one of our missions.



FOUR LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL







Saburo ought to find a four-leaf clover in this patch of fodder.







Chicago's Father Karlovecius (above) is right in the middle of a story. This could be Central Park (below), but actually it's a lake near Tokyo.





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HONOR  
OUR  
LADY!

### MADONNA BOX OF NOTE CARDS

A new box of 24 beautiful religious note cards to honor Our Blessed Mother! For Thank You's and other short messages, every box contains six each of four full-color reproductions of new paintings of Our Lady, conceived with beauty and simplicity. Best grade paper is used, and 24 fine envelopes are included.

\$1.00 a box

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For ages 4 to 8, beautifully illustrated in color.

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My Little Missal,

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Bishop Lane's lively story of Maryknoll's first decade. Board \$1.65

Please send me:

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed       Please bill me.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss } (please print or write your name clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

■ JUST OUTSIDE the town of Talca, Chile, along the road known as One Oriente, lies the Maryknoll parish of Fatima. My first months in Chile were spent there, and many memories return frequently. This is a story about a few of them. I'm sure that there are similar people wherever a person goes. Perhaps you have met such types in your own home parish. I met them in Fatima — and these I will always remember.

There was Pedro Valdez. Old and slightly bent, he is an electrician. He wears a glove on the right hand because of an accident sustained in his trade. He daily assists at Mass and receives Holy Communion.

Concha is the son of a Communist. Short, with wavy hair and bad teeth, he is not a bit good-looking. But Concha is a leader in the local boys' club. I saw him at Mass during my last visit. Progress!

Did you ever meet a little boy who never smiles? Jose's mother died some months ago, and another woman is taking care of him now — perhaps without understanding, perhaps without love. Jose is only a child, and in the schoolyard with countless other children, he always stands out. It's hard to imagine — a little boy who never smiles!

Next door to our kitchen live Juan Yanez and his family. Juan is convinced that all priests from the United States are here for just one reason: to spy on Chile for Uncle Sam. We've tried to explain, but it does no good.

Rogelio is a bit on the odd side. He is old and shaggy. His first act after entering church is to go up

# These — I Will Remember

BY J. L. SCHANBERGER, M.M.

and kiss the foot of Our Lady of Fatima, depicted in a painting behind the main altar. He prays out loud and has many other disturbing habits. I'm not sure whether the Good Lord smiles or winces when Rogelio tramps into church.

Ramon is the right-hand man about the parish. Because he is deprived of all but one tooth, his Spanish is not the clearest, but certainly the most amusing. Once he called me over to appraise a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart that had just arrived. After I gave my approval, Ramon continued to lavish his own Chilean adjectives on it. As I turned to go, he politely asked, "By the way, Padre, what saint is this?"

Little Sara was our next-door neighbor. She is not a Catholic but attends the parish school. She knows her catechism better than most of her classmates. I frequently saw her at evening devotions, caring for three younger brothers and sisters she had dragged along. I especially recall an entertainment in school, in which Sara sang a duet. Only she could succeed in such an attempt — for Sara is a little deaf.

Yes, these I will always remember.

# Letters

## OF THE MONTH

A personal letter is a sort of portrait of the heart of a friend; here are a few portraits of the hearts of some of our friends.

### Not by the Ears

Sixteen demerits to the Editors. If one picture can do more good than ten thousand words, how much harm can be accomplished by the wrong kind?

Experts on the proper handling of rabbits assure us that suspending a rabbit by the ears damages the membranes and eventually the animal dies. It is better to grab the luckless creature by the loose skin at the back of the neck. The rabbit won't like it, but it should survive. If the experience of my children is a safe guide, the mortality rate of bunnies thus abused is rather high — call it 100% to be conservative.

HORACE C. WHITEMAN

Sharon Hill, Penna.

### New Subscriber

For the first time in my sixteen years of life, I have found a magazine of some purpose. Most of my enjoyment has come from reading comics and books of jokes. One day I found your magazine in the post office. Thumbing through the pages I was fascinated. Before I knew it, I had read it thoroughly. Now I wish to subscribe. I am not sure what line of work I will choose after graduation, but perhaps the missions are the answer.

TUILA FORT

Red Oak, Iowa

54

### Destiny of America

Thank you for the inspiring group of statements in your November issue. Our country cannot be too bad, if this is the way our leaders think.

ROBERT NUGENT

Philadelphia

I think there is too much talk about brotherhood and not enough about the Fatherhood of God. Brotherhood is fine but not necessarily Christian. Unless we know the reason why we must hold all men our brothers, we are not acting as intelligent human beings.

MARGARET POTTER

Boston

### What, only one woman?

HELEN McGUIRE

Yonkers, N. Y.

■ We invited a number of other women to contribute but only Mrs. Hobby replied.

Henry Ford's statement should be pasted on the windshield of every car he makes. He is proving himself as fine a man as was his grandfather . . . a wonderful statement of principles.

HARRISON HOLT

San Francisco

MARYKNOLL

### **Complaint**

No doubt your struggles abroad are very necessary, and, though I probably shouldn't mention it, we know many people right here who need things constantly, without going so far away to do so good. Let me tell you, you do a lot of harm among your own Catholic people. Even your magazine scarcely conceals its real purpose, which seems to be, by every means in your power, extracting money from lay people. For the present I do not want any more pleas for money sent here.

MRS. D. L. FISCHER

Rochester, N. Y.

### **Tender Conscience**

My heart was truly sad when I read about the person who wanted his subscription cancelled because of the picture of the poor Korean child. As I recall, I cried when I saw this picture. I immediately began packing a box of clothing. It is only when I am doing for others that I am truly happy.

MRS. AGNES CHALOUX

Randolph, Vt.

I couldn't help but be scared for the poor soul who had the nerve to write such a silly letter. Please help me to pray for that poor soul. Maybe I shouldn't, but I felt bad reading that.

MRS. ADRIEN MARCOTTE

Manville, R. I.

The man who wrote that obnoxious letter did not deserve the honor of having it appear in your magazine. He certainly wasn't very broad-minded.

GLORIA RAMIRZ

San Antonio

■ We were just trying to show that not everyone believes in mission work.

JANUARY, 1954

We Americans have received many gifts from God. Life, faith and freedom are only three of the many. When we go to dinner we have a well-stocked table awaiting our consumption. But, here in Korea, I have personally seen people who do not have even a bowl of rice daily. The writer from New York undoubtedly has a good job, and is able to live in some comfort. I have seen too many youngsters on the streets of Seoul and Yongdungpo clothed in rags, freezing in sub-zero weather. The Church uses every available means to aid those in distress.

WILLIAM A. MASSEY, A/2c  
67th Tac Recon Wing

### **Parallel**

Bishop Lane's letter in November reminds me of bull sessions during World War II when the relative merits of pinpoint or saturation bombing were hashed back and forth. Pin-point bombing was effective only with highly complicated equipment that analyzed all the factors involved and then directed the missiles perfectly. Without such equipment, saturation bombing did the job.

The same principle holds in Bishop Lane's problem. If he has unusually talented and qualified men, they can be spread out in key areas. Otherwise, he must saturate an area with average fellows. It is always a mistake for a commander to spread his forces too thin.

(MAJ.) ROBERT H. HALL  
San Diego

### **Chance Meeting**

Spending a rainy morning in the magazine section of the Orange Library, I came upon your wonderful magazine. Now I want to be a regular subscriber.

EDWARD T. CODEY, JR.  
Orange, N. J.



# CONTRAST

■ THE OLD and the new clash daily in Japan. Since the end of World War II, Japan has been Westernized rapidly. The pictures on this and the opposite page give an insight into this evolution.

The young lady (above) is clad in traditional kimono with the old fashioned high hair-do. She is doing her accounting on an abacus, an

ancient Greek invention that permits the user to do complicated arithmetical problems with great speed. Contrasted to this, a salesman (opposite) attempts to sell a complicated accounting machine to a farming family.

The West has some things to offer Japan, but they must be more than just superficialities or materialism.



# ***Big Boys Don't Cry***



**He was lonely and sixteen  
and looking for a new father.**

**BY RICHARD McMONIGAL, M.M.**

■ I MISSED Rosalino when I went into the little dining room in the orphanage in Riberalta, Bolivia. It was suppertime. With the ingrained habits of an ex-prefect of discipline, I counted noses when I sat down to eat with the orphans the simple meal of rice, yucca, and charqui.

I waited awhile, carrying on the usual chatter with the boys. For once I wasn't speculating where tomorrow's rice would come from! At last, when the meal was half over, I left the table to look for Rosalino. Something must be wrong, because mealtime is one of the most important times of the day, and no orphan would miss it willingly.

When I went around the long open porch of the orphanage, I saw Rosalino leaning against one of the posts, looking out into space.

"What's the matter, Rosalino? Is there something wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing, Padre," he replied in the stock answer.

"Are you sick?" I inquired, looking for signs of ever-present malaria.

"No, Padre."

MARYKNOLL

"Is it your father?" I continued.

Rosalino turned away. His lower lip began to quiver, and his eyes filled with tears. That was the reason! Just a few days before, I had been called to visit the old man after he suffered a heart attack.

"Come over to my room," I invited, "and we'll talk about it there."

I knew Rosalino was afraid that the other boys might see him crying, and everyone knows that sixteen-year-olds never cry — especially in the jungles of Bolivia, where life is so competitive and boys grow old before their time.

In my tiny room, I gave the youth the one chair I had, while I took a seat in the hammock. For a few moments the tears gushed, as he struggled to get control. Brokenly the story tumbled out. He had gone home to visit his father, and had found the old man lying on the floor with only a blanket between his body and the dirt. The father was in great pain, and hadn't eaten all day. There were no relatives or friends to take care of him. Rosalino was all he had. The whole problem was just too much for a sixteen-year-old.

"Come," I said. "Let's go over to the kitchen and get a meal to take to your father."

I picked up some candles and matches, some clean clothes, and a plate loaded with rice and dried meat. Then we went down to the little house. After José had eaten, we bathed him and fixed up a bed under the mosquito netting. At first he was reluctant to put on a clean shirt of mine. He had such tremendous respect that he thought it would be sacrilegious to wear a Padre's shirt.

Old José lingered on. Every day Rosalino would pick up meals in the kitchen and take them to his father. At times I gave the boy money to buy some bread or fruit for the old man. Sometimes, when Rosalino ran a personal errand for me, I gave him candy, sent me from home. I noticed that he put the candy aside, and knew that he was saving the treat for his father.

Then I went away for two weeks, inspecting one of our schools in another part of the jungle. One afternoon after I had returned, Rosalino came and told me that his father wanted to see me.

José was having another attack. After I heard his confession and anointed him, I gave him a couple of aspirins and began rubbing his chest with a soothing salve. Sister Vivian, the mission's doctor, told me that no medicine could help José. But interest and sympathy worked wonders.

"Padre," José began between labored breaths, "I know I have not long to live. Except for the Padres and Madres of Maryknoll, I haven't a soul in the world to turn to. I am ready to die, and would die happily if you could promise me two things. Would you see that I am properly buried? Would you take care of Rosalino? I have talked to him, and have told him that he must do whatever you tell him, go where you go, and be like an obedient son to you."

The sick man's eyes studied my face anxiously. I assured him that Father Fritz and I would arrange for him to have the proper Christian burial, and that Rosalino could continue to live at the orphanage. We would keep an eye on him, and see

that he should have a chance to make a decent start in life. I was deeply moved as I went out of that poor little house and made my way back to the mission in pouring rain.

I never saw José again. The next day I fell sick with jungle fever, and was soon in our little hospital, under the watchful care of Maryknoll Sisters.

Late one evening, one of the orphans came to the window of my hospital room to tell me that old José had died. Rosalino had gone that morning to the house and had found his father dead in bed. The old man had died alone during the night.

Father Fritz sent some women of the parish to arrange the body. He found a couple of generous men to build a coffin, but they had to rip up some of the long school desks for wood. Late that evening the funeral procession traveled the three miles to the little cemetery. It was dark when they arrived, and the cemetery was locked. The coffin had to be left at the cemetery gate.

The next day, some of the bigger

orphans went to the cemetery with Rosalino, and they worked for many hours in the hot sun, digging the grave. Father Thomas Higgins came over, and with the solemn and consoling blessing of the Church, the body of José was put in the earth.

I was confined to my hospital bed, disappointed because disease had made me inactive when a boy needed help. Anxiously I counted off the hours, as I waited for Rosalino to come and see me. Late in the afternoon he came. He entered my room and began sobbing. I let him cry for a while, before I explained to him the wonderful teaching of the Church about death, and life after death.

One question he asked will always remain in my mind. "Padre Ricardo," he said, "you won't forget what you promised my father, will you? I am all alone now. I have no one but the Padres to help me."

"No, hijito. No, little son," I replied. "I will not forget what I promised your father."

And I won't forget.

## PEOPLES — ALL PEOPLES

*Here is a quick quiz to check your Catholicity.  
The answer to every question should be "yes."*

Do you try to KNOW peoples — ALL peoples?

Do you try to LIKE peoples — ALL peoples?

Do you RESPECT peoples — ALL peoples?

Do you realize how you DEPEND on peoples—ALL peoples?

Do you feel prompted to HELP peoples—ALL peoples?



WHEN Le Roy Lebens entered this photo, "The Village Smith," in a contest sponsored by the *St. Paul Dispatch*, he promised to give half of any prize won to Maryknoll. It gained the weekly award.



# Bamboo Wireless

New plaque adorning Maryknoll Seminary walls is the Christopher Columbus Award presented to BISHOP LANE for Maryknoll's contribution to the enrichment of the spiritual, cultural and educational life of Latin America. These first annual awards were sponsored by the K of C and the Inter-American Committee. Plaques also went to NELSON ROCKEFELLER, LAREDO TIMES and the PUERTO RICAN NATIONAL GUARD, oldest in the hemisphere . . . In another ceremony last month the Bishop also received the annual award of the CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

\* \* \*

Father ARTHUR DEMPSEY arrives back in Hong Kong this month to take up work among the refugees. He was loaned to Mission Secretariate in Washington, D.C., for handling mission exhibits in St. Louis and Boston last year . . . Maryknoll's HONG KONG projects now aiding 25,000 refugees.

\* \* \*

The Columban Fathers' Monsignor THOMAS QUINLAN is exceedingly popular as the new Regent of the Apostolic Delegation in Korea. A veteran Korean missioner, Monsignor buried his delegation predecessor, Maryknoll's Bishop PATRICK BYRNE, when the latter died in a Red prison camp . . . Father LEO TIBESAR'S encouragement of famous Nishijin weavers of Japan to produce fabrics for church use gets prominent write-up in Liturgical Arts magazine.

\* \* \*

Two new Maryknoll books are now making the rounds. The Story of Father Price is a condensation of Father JOHN MURRETT'S LIFE of Maryknoll co-founder. Come, Holy Ghost is a series of conferences by Bishop FRANCIS X. FORD, who died in a Red prison.

\* \* \*

Sister EUGENIA CAVALLO, a Consolata missioner, who had a hand and her head slashed off in a recent Mau Mau attack on the Imenti mission in Kenya, was the first Catholic missioner to be killed by the terrorists . . . Maryknoll's newest mission is a section of Japan's HOKKAIDO ISLAND, opposite Siberia. Here live the Ainu people whose history is lost in antiquity . . . Father JOHN CONSIDINE is readying his new volume on Africa which resulted from an extensive survey he made of that continent last year.

! !



■ THE FIRST thing a traveler notices when he arrives in Tokyo is the wide variety of noises. As soon as one steps onto the street, he is surrounded by a din that is deafening.

In Tokyo a driver's skill is determined by two things: first, how close he can get to the fellow in front of him before slamming on his brakes; and secondly, how loud he can blow his horn. Considering only the second, Tokyo drivers are all excellent. Downtown Tokyo, particularly in late afternoon and evening, sounds like Times Square on New Year's Eve.

Besides the auto horn, there is the bicycle bell. Riders slip in and out of fast-moving traffic with gay abandon. More often than not, this is a one-handed act, too. Frequently the rider balances a tray full of rice bowls, with his other hand. Yet somehow he keeps ringing his bell.

However, Number One on the Noise Parade is Chin-Don-Ya San, the unique Japanese version of the sandwich man. He plies his trade with bass drum and cymbals. Often two and three "sandwich men" combine to form a troupe. They are dressed in flashy clothes, and advertise anything from liver pills to the latest movie in town.

One afternoon on the Ginza, I saw a slight variation of Chin-Don-Ya. A man and a woman, wearing Western attire, were having an argument — an unusual sight in public in Japan. But it didn't last long. The woman whipped out a pistol and shot the man point-blank. He didn't die, however. Those two were advertising the latest Hollywood importation. We learned this

# NOISE NOISE NOISE

BY FRANCIS A. DIFFLEY, M.M.

later, when we saw the signs on their backs.

Another noise maker serving a serious purpose is Yomawari San. Each ward has one such fellow whose task is to walk up and down every street and alley, hitting two pieces of wood together. The noise he makes is to warn people to watch their fires. In this land of tinderbox architecture, a fire out of control can become a major tragedy.

In America, children cry for the Good Humor man. In Japan their counterparts cry for the tofu seller. Tofu is a kind of soft cake made from soy-bean curd. When the tofu man comes around, he blows a horn that makes a deep sound like "Tooooo-fuuuu."

Finally, if one happens to be in the vicinity of a temple (and who isn't, in Japan!), he will hear the sound of the mokugyo, or wooden gong. Throughout the day and night, the gongs are used to call the Buddhist monks to prayer.

# Maryknoll WANT ADS

**Child of China** — orphaned, homeless, driven by communism to a Maryknoll shelter in Hong Kong — raw material from which, with your aid, we can fashion a friend! A child can be fed a whole month for \$5.

**Free Wheeling** is possible in Formosa if you have the wheel; unfortunately, that is not free. Two bicycles are needed, so that Sisters can visit the sick and teach catechism in distant villages.

**African Missions** need a year's supply of Mass wine, \$30; Mass hosts, \$25; Mass candles, \$50; sanctuary lamp oil, \$25. A chance for you to help provide divine service!

**Stations of the Cross.** Six sets are requested for the Philippines. A memorial of Our Lord's Passion can be a memorial to your dear ones. Cost: \$80, each set.

**Jeep — Complete** for \$500. Not new, of course, but the means of transportation required by our mission superior in Mexico. Can you help him get places quickly?

**Five Dollars for a Seat.** That is the price of a chair of the kind to be used in three mission halls in Puno, Peru. One thousand chairs are needed to provide accommodations for Mass, instruction



classes, social functions, and so forth. How many chairs for you?

**Communist Propaganda** is a serious daily problem in Bolivia. At Montero a duplicating machine would permit answering what is said and printed against the Church. The cost: \$200.

**Children Have no Politics.** Help us save the unfortunate child victims of war in Korea. There the sum of 15c feeds a child for one day. A day of life for the price of a Sunday paper!

**Japanese Missioners** have many converts to provide for. They request three chapels at \$6,000 each, and two convents at \$4,000 each.

**Overhead.** Two thousand tiles, some for the church, some for the priests' quarters, are needed in Formosa because of heavy rains and typhoons. Cost:  $10\frac{1}{2}$ c each, or \$210 for all.

**Rosaries, Medals,** and religious pictures could be supplied to destitute Chileans if our missioners had the means. Could you put \$5 into the missioner's hand, to purchase and distribute such helps?

**A Communion Rail** can be supplied for a church in Guatemala for \$60.





# BLANK WALL...

—BECAUSE THE CHAPEL  
IS MISSING

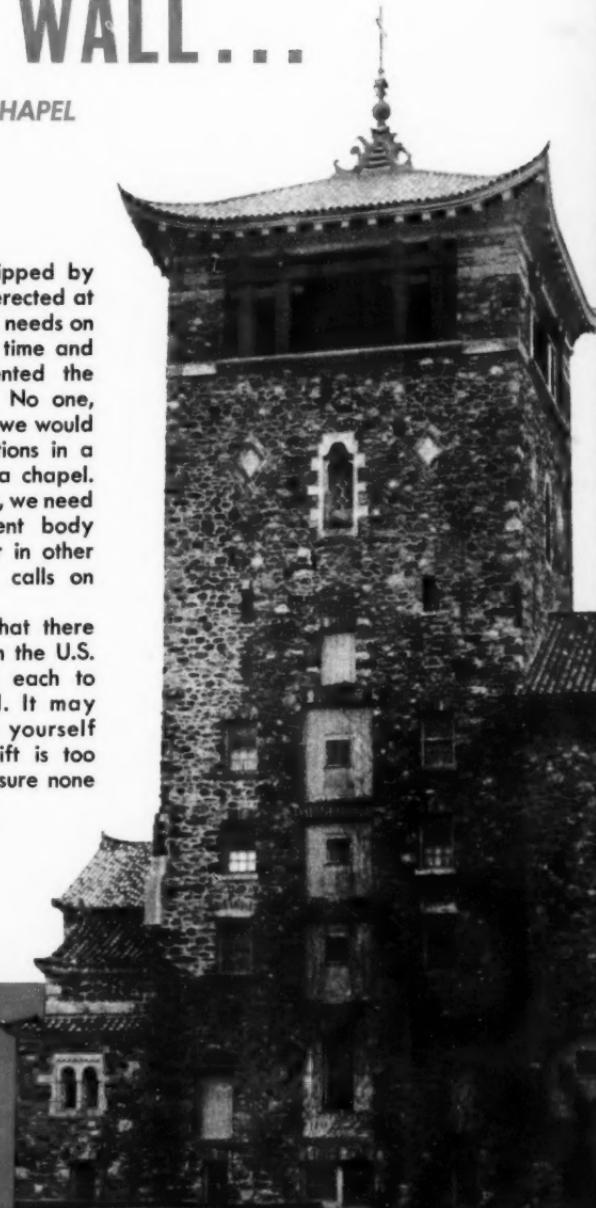
Over 30 years have slipped by since our Seminary was erected at Maryknoll, N. Y. Pressing needs on the mission field at that time and ever since have prevented the building of our chapel. No one, of course, dreamed that we would have 33 annual ordinations in a lecture hall for lack of a chapel.

Today, more than ever, we need a chapel as our student body grows larger. (The poor in other lands still make heavy calls on our purse.)

A friend suggested that there might be 500 persons in the U.S. who would give \$500 each to help build our chapel. It may please you to include yourself among the 500. No gift is too small, and you may be sure none is too big. Would you like to help us build our chapel?

THE  
MARYKNOLL  
FATHERS

Maryknoll P.O.  
New York



# People are Interesting!

Antonio the Indian  
Saves the Padre



1. Antonio heard Red plotters say,  
"All is ready for the attack on  
the Padre next Sunday night."



2. Antonio saw his Indian friends.  
"They plan to kill the Padre,"  
he explained. "Let's protect him."



3. When the Reds came, camp fires  
of 300 Indians behind the house  
of the Padre illuminated the plaza.



4. For three weeks Indian women  
brought food to Antonio and his  
friends who quietly kept guard.



5. Meanwhile a message from Antonio  
brought soldiers to the mountain  
town in remote Central America.



5. Thanks to Antonio, the leaders of  
the plan to kill the Padre, the  
Indians' friend, were arrested.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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